

Devotional and Selections

PEACE.

"Not as the world giveth
Give I to you peace,"
For while the world liveth
Strife shall never cease;
But they who live by sword and gun
Shall perish thereby one by one;
Yet think, when every battle's won,
They at last have peace.

"Not as the world giveth
Give I to you peace,"
But my home in glory
Holds for you surcease
Of strife. With all in glory there,
You shall your robes of whiteness wear,
And there, with joyful songs, appear
With the Prince of Peace.

"Not as the world giveth
Give I to you peace,"
But who by me liveth,
Lives in joy and ease;
And though by Satan wounded sore,
Shall triumph o'er him more and more,
And win, when every battle's o'er,
Heaven's perfect peace.

Roanoke, Va.

—G. M. M.

ATTACHMENT TO ONE'S CHURCH.

The Christian's attachment to his Church is manifested in his affectionate remembrance of her. The objects that pass before our vision, that bear no special relation to us and possess no personal interest we are apt to forget soon. The memory retains the things on which the heart is set. The sailor in the midst of the turmoil and danger of the most tumultuous voyage, remembers his home and friends. The miser remembers his hoarded gold. The student is wedded to his books, and upon their fascinating subjects his memory feasts by day and by night. The mother can not forget her child. The memory of love can not be obscured, much less obliterated. The loyal loving Christian can not forget his Church—her sacred services and sacraments, her precious communions and ordinances, her meetings for prayer and praise and Christian fellowship, her means of grace. If the exacting demands of business and absorption therein, or surrender to recreation and pleasure obscure for the moment the memory of these high privileges, each tolling bell revives it. With a truly devoted Christian it is a habit to certify by his gifts and prayers and services to his grateful remembrance of his Church.

Delight in her services is another evidence of his attachment. To some what weariness the Sabbath is. Taking no pleasure in its religious appointments, they plan a visit or an excursion or indulge in some indoor amusement or outdoor diversion on the Lord's Day. With others, going to Church is conscientious labor—the drudgery of rigid formality. They put no heart into the service of the sanctuary. They are there from the force of education or custom or to answer the purpose of respectability. This is not the case with the real, live, earnest Christian. To him the Sabbath is a

delight. The sanctuary is preferred above his chief joy. He is glad when they say unto him "Let us go into the house of the Lord, our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem," and the response is ready on his lips, "I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness," and from the assembled congregation the chorus ascends: "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand!"

The Christian also manifests his attachment to his Church by his exertion for her welfare. The question is not "how little may I do and yet maintain a respectable standing in her communion?" but how much is it in my power to do, that my Savior's cause may be advanced in the world? It should be the ambition of each Christian to win the encomium which was pronounced by Christ upon the woman of Bethany who poured the precious ointment upon His head: "She hath done what she could." Who are doing all that they might for Christ? Who is putting forth all the exertion that he possesses in behalf of His kingdom? Who asks as he equips himself for his day's duty, "What can I do for Christ and His Church?" Who consecrates himself afresh as he is greeted by the light of each new day, saying: "Here am I, Lord use me as Thou wilt?" In the Lord's service there should be no fastidiousness; no movements by fits and starts. The heart should be so engaged as to influence every faculty and power of both body and soul. Time, talent, influence, prayers, means—all should be cheerfully consecrated; and this, too, with the humble confession: "We are unprofitable servants, we have done that which was our duty to do."

It hardly needs be said that prayer is another proof of one's attachment to the Church. Zion is not forgotten at the throne of grace, and on the arms of faith and prayer her sacred interests are borne up before God in the strength of the holy resolution so well expressed in the familiar lines:

"My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends and kindred dwell,
There God, my Savior reigns."

—Christian Intelligencer.

THINGS THAT REMAIN.

An intermitted duty always means loss. And it is a loss that is never made up to us. We can be forgiven, and we can gain fresh strength from fresh duty-doing; but the failure from duty left undone can not be made as though it were not, by later faithfulness. If, for example, God has made it plain to us that He would have us spend a certain time alone with Him every day, we can not pass that duty one day and hope to offset our failure by double time the next day. The day of the failure was the poorer because of it, and something was lost out of our lives that we can not get back. But it is also true that every duty done puts something into our lives that can never be taken from us. Why should we ever hesitate, in the choice between permanent loss and permanent gain?—S. S. Times.